

FLORAZZANO
OR, THE
FATAL CONQUEST.

A
TRAGEDY
OF FIVE ACTS.

By Mr. JAMES GOODHALL.



STAMFORD:

Printed by FRANCIS HOWGRAVE, for
the AUTHOR.

FLORENCE:
OR THE
FATAL CONQUEST.

A
TRAGEDY
OF FIVE ACTS.

By Mr. J. A. O'DONNELL.



STAMFORD:
Printed by FRANCIS HOWGRAVE, for
the AUTHOR.

To the Right Honourable the

LORD BURGHLEY.

MY LORD,

YOUR Lordship's free and generous acceptance of this address, is a fresh instance of that sweetness of temper and gracious condescension which have always distinguish'd your lordship; and attracted the love and affection of all who have had the honour of knowing you; these, my lord, are plain and natural indications of that innate goodness and nobleness of mind which are ever received and esteemed with respect and veneration, and which your lordship has so eminently derived from your noble ancestors.

To wish you, my lord, the greatest happiness in life, is only to pray that your singular virtues may be rewarded with that high esteem, which they justly deserve. My lord, permit me to subscribe myself with the deepest sense of duty and gratitude.

Your lordship's most oblig'd,

and most obedient humble servant,

James Goodhall.

To the SUBSCRIBERS to
FLORAZENE:
OR, THE
FATAL CONQUEST.

HUMANITY and good-nature in general, and sensibility and tenderness to those who are unhappy in any Circumstance in life, are amiable characteristics of the ENGLISH NATION: the author has himself experienc'd it in the generous Subscription he has met with, and has therefore the greater reason to hope for a candid Acceptance of the following sheets. He knows, that no excuse can be made for obtruding this performance upon the public, if he thought it quite unworthy their perusal. He hopes, it may have something to recommend it; though, he is sensible, it will not bear the severe examination of a critic's eye. But, as this play was begun in his nineteenth year, he submits this in excuse for all little inaccurasies; and, without troubling his readers with a tedious preface, which may stand in need of a fresh apology, he rests it upon their candour: and begs leave to subscribe himself, with a deep sense of duty and gratitude,

Gentlemen, and ladies,

your most oblig'd, and
obedient humble servant,

J. G.

To the
A U T H O R of FLORAZENE,

FROM A
Friend at OXFORD.

FROM gloomy cloysters, and the solemn groves,
Beneath whose shades meandering His roves;
An artless muse, an humble tribute sends;
A muse long number'd in your list of friends!
Who saw you first aspire in tragick lays,
And nobly dare to emulate the bays;
Saw you imbibe the Sophoclean art,
To melt each soul, and soften ev'ry heart.
When early buskin'd midst the noble throng,
You caught the living fire from Noel's tongue,
When breath'd his soul in Otway's rapt'rous line,
In Rowe's soft verse, or Shakespear's fire divine;
Oh! cou'd the muse have stay'd the fleeting breath,
Or prayers of thousands check'd the hand of death;
The noble pair had longer blest'd mankind,
Breath'd chearing influence on the op'ning mind;
Well pleas'd to see beneath their fost'ring care
A youthful muse in Shakespear's numbers dare:
Happy in tender thought, in nervous line,
Easy in conduct, nat'ral in design;

To the Author &c.

Not stiffly smooth, or regularly cold;
But like the glorious pattern, ever bold.
If modest merit ought enhance the lays,
Still Florazene shall live secure of praise:
Oft shall it claim the tender virgin's tear,
Bend the hard heart, and teach the villain fear;
Oft shall the hoary sage the scene survey,
Nor wrinkled brows go unimprov'd away.
Oft shall the moralist attentive gaze,
And pleas'd explore th' inextricable maze;
Where virtue and where fortune both unite,
Now diverse steer, and cheat our erring sight.
In the soft scene shou'd some great Roscius shine,
And call forth every grace from ev'ry line;
Criticks wou'd squarl, and find their labour lost,
Whilst crowds contend who shou'd applaud it most.



FLORAZENE

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

PHYLIAX, — King of Castile.
FLORAZENE, — Prince of Leon.
MONTANO, — A Moorish Prince.
AARON, — His Friend.
PYROGLES, — A Castilian Lord.
RYNALDO, — Capt. of the Castilian Guard.

W O M E N.

ALONZA, — Daughter to Phyliax.
LUCASIA, — Her favourite Attendant.
LADIES, — Attendants on Alonza.
Castilian and Moorish Attendants, &c.

SCENE CASTILE.



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

PHYLINAX, — *King of Castile.*

FLORAZENE, — *Prince of Leon.*

MONTANO, — *A Moorish Prince.*

AARON, — *His Friend.*

PYROCLES, — *A Castilian Lord.*

RYNALDO, — *Capt. of the Castilian Guard.*

W O M E N.

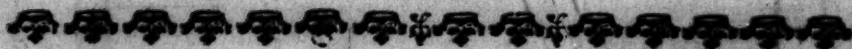
ALONZA, — *Daughter to Phylinax.*

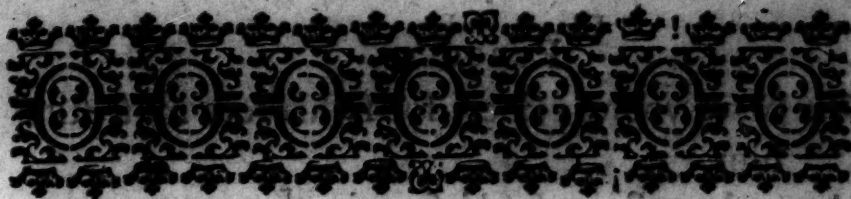
LUCASIA, — *Her favourite Attendant.*

LADIES, — *Attendants on Alonza.*

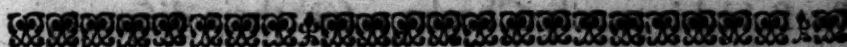
Castilian and Moorish Attendants, &c.

SCENE CASTILE.





FLORAZENE:
OR, THE
FATAL CONQUEST.



ACT. I. SCENE I.

A PALACE.

FLORAZENE and PYROCLES.

FLORAZENE.



HE Moor dethron'd! this is in-
deed a conquest,
That to the soldiers arms gives
lasting glory,
Join'd to the blessings of a peace,
ensur'd

By routed foes ; who can no longer dare,
In wars stern front to bid our arms defiance.

B

PYROCLES.

PYROCLES.

The brave young prince, for so his foes must stile
him,

Above the rest confess'd superior courage,
And seem'd to fight for death or victory:
Careless of which, he made a brave defence,
And shone the bright example of the field.
When he perceiv'd his dastard troops give way,
And numbers flying, to avoid a fate,
Which he esteem'd illustrious; he let fall
Tears, which his faithless countrymen had caus'd
To stain his manly Cheeks; for their disgrace,
Not for his own: for honour ever crowns
The brave, tho' vanquish'd. When our men around
Strove, who shou'd make the royal prize his own;
They trembled at the greatness of his spirit;
And durst as well have grasp'd a thunderbolt,
Edg'd with blue light'ning from the darken'd sky.

FLORAZENE.

You dress his praises even with pageantry:
But say, the Moor did well deserve them all,
Your King shou'd claim precedence.

PYROCLES.

The King, dread Sir, must ever justly have
My first esteem, and that of all his subjects:
My tongue's to blame; too elegant in praise
To this, a foe: yet had he been a friend
To our Castile, he'd been a gallant one.

FLORAZENE.

Or, the FATAL CONQUEST. 3

FLORAZENE.

I did not mean to chide thee, *Pyrocles*,
'Tis justice in thee, and proclaims thee brave,
To treat thy foes with honour. And believe me,
Had not *Alonza's* danger claim'd my sword,
To guard her Palace, and defend her from
The rude insults, that a ravag'd country
Must now have suffer'd, had we lost the Battle;
I had not giv'n mean inactivity
A place within my breast: I then had dar'd
With any haughty rival in my glory,
Which more than life I love; and more than life
I wou'd preserve it mine: — the dearer treasure!

PYROCLES.

The beautiful *Alonza* can repay
You full amends for your neglected fame,

FLORAZENE.

See, where she comes, t'enquire her country's fate,
Believe me, *Pyrocles*, so well I love her,
That honour often seems all airy notion;
For surely she brings all: fame, fortune, glory
Before her charms decay, or, with dim lustre
Appear but the mind's weakness. Thus I lose
The sense of recollection, till again I think,
I am a prince; and sure a prince,
Unless with honour he adorns his power,
Is far inferior to his humble vassals.
Then I resume myself, and envy all,
Wh' aspire to glory greater than my own.

B 2

SCENE



S C E N E II.

FLORAZENE, ALONZA, PYROCLES
and Ladies.

FLORAZENE.

Welcome, *Alonza*, and share in the full joy,
This happy morn brings with it. To your Father
The well disputed cause at last is given :
Surely *Alonza's* charms inspir'd our warriors,
That, for her safety, they despis'd their own,
Or held their lives subservient to her charms.

ALONZA.

I do not not judge so mean of our *Castilians*,
To think their hearts cou'd want a force, to animate
The native valour there. For me, my Lord,
Perhaps, the beauties of my sex may grace me ;
But yet, my Lord, the Hero's noble spirit
Cannot be brighten'd by a female softness.
'Tis nature, 'tis the passion of the soul,
With Heaven's great hand propitious to their cause,
That led them on, and grac'd their arms with
conquest.

FLORAZENE.

My eyes, by love affected, must perceive
The sense of all delight t' arise from you.
Oh ! my *Alonza*, say art thou not form'd
Fair as the moon, and blooming as the spring,

Soft

Or, the FATAL CONQUEST.

Soft as the wish cou'd form to give delight,
Enchanting as the Syren's melody,
And lovely as th' *Italian* Deity.

ALONZA.

No more, my Lord, the sound of flattery,
When thus deliver'd from a lover's voice,
Speaks too enamour'd, to discern our faults,
And much unfitting to describe our virtues.

FLORAZENE.

Come, You're too modest.

ALONZA.

You too much a lover.

FLORAZENE.

Ha! too much! oh! say not that, *Alonza*;
My service, and the summit of my bliss
Are center'd all in you; and less to love you
Wou'd be derogate from happiness.

Love is too great, too delicate a transport
To be accounted an unmanly passion,
Where virtue, beauty, honour, all combine
To grace the fair, which meet in my *Alonza*;
She reigns a comet, midst the smaller stars
That ever rose, example of her sex!

What rigid heart can call such love a folly?
Wou'd it not bend before her charms a convert,
And own the stoic's lesson too severe?

ALONZA.

My royal father's high behests direct
His daughter's choice, his strict enjoinder bids
me Resign

Resign my hand to you. 'Tis not the heart
By which the loves of royal pairs are bound:
But where a neighbour Monarch shines, mark'd
out

For the advancement of the public good,
We are the victims given: By the same tie
Alonza is the wife of *Florazene*.

FLORAZENE.

Unjust *Alonza*! I must own, I thought
That all my sleepless nights, and anxious days,
My state forgotten, and my fame neglected,
And, add to this, the most sincere of passions
That ever sigh'd the midnight hours away,
Did more deserve than this. Ungenerous fair!
To rest thus your compliance on your duty,
And quite forget all other softer ties!

ALONZA.

I own you have deserv'd me, own your merits,
By far superior to the rest of men
That yet I have beheld. If not my love,
Yet gratitude and pity strongly plead,
And bid me yield, to give your truth reward.

FLORAZENE.

If not your love, Ha! on what other terms
Can you bestow the will, to crown my joy?

ALONZA.

Your own deserts plead strongly in your favour,

FLORAZENE,

Or, the FATAL CONQUEST. 73

FLORAZENE.

Yet love they don't inspire. Oh hard decree!
Thus to be captive to a rigid maid,
Whom only gratitude, and pity move,
To make a cold return!

ALONZA.

Yet these in time
May brighten good opinion into love.

FLORAZENE.

With these dear hopes I live. And oh *Alonza*!
If the most constant heart deserves return,
Let love's bright torch within your heart alight
The gentle flame; and hymen's too shall blaze,
To light us to our wishes full completion.

ALONZA.

Yes, *Florazene*, I own you have deserv'd me;
Your constant love, has warm'd my colder breast,
How can the worthless tribute of my heart,
Ever make full amends, for all the hours
To honour lost, and sacrific'd to love? } *Martial*
The King my father comes } *Music.*

FLORAZENE.

With conquest crown'd;
His head incircl'd with the victor's laurel;
And in his hand the peaceful olive blooms.

ALONZA.

Now, tyrant duty, I've obey'd thy task, } *Aside*
And given away my hand, without my heart. }

SCENE

SCENE III.

FLORAZENE, ALONZA, PYROCLES

with Martial Music;

The KING, Officers, Guards, MONTANO,

AARON, and other Moors conducted by

RYNALDO and Guards.

FLORAZENE *kneels at the king's feet*

Thus may, oh! royal sir, your future sway

With just success be crown'd. Still may your foes,

Like these be vanquish'd, till at length the world

Esteem you as the favourite of heaven;

And with agreeing voice assent, to own

Your conquests owing to the christian light;

And be converted, and pursue the truth

From you their great example.

KING.

Rise, young Prince,

And to that power, to which we owe our triumph,

Transfer your general thanks: *Alonza welcome.*

ALONZA *kneels*

My royal father cannot yet perceive

Th' excess of joy, his safe return has caus'd.

Not to rejoice in this successful day,

Wou'd shew me most ungrateful to a fire,

Whose

Or, the FATAL CONQUEST. 9

Whose generous temper ever has esteem'd
His daughter's as his country's joy his own.

KING.

Rise, my *Alonza*, I have done no more,
Than what becomes a father and a king,
Both from my love of you and of my country.
That I have dy'd my sword in Moorish blood,
Was for injuries receiv'd; and my success
Amplly attests the justice of my vengeance.

MONTANO.

Curse on that fate, that made not vengeance mine!

KING.

Still to assume this air of stern defiance,
May quite expel that mercy from my heart,
Which pity dictates to a soften'd mind.

MONTANO.

Ha! shou'd I bend beneath a victor's feet,
And pay him equal homage with his slaves?
And humbly sue for life? My haughty soul,
Was never form'd to play a servile part;
Tho' vanquish'd by the fickle chance of war,
Yet am I still myself: If thou hast mercy,
Let death conclude the measure of thy triumph.
So far i'll sue to thee.

KING.

And is this all?

MONTANO.

My fate has left so little room to wish,
That instant death wou'd satiate my desire.

C.

Why?

Why? what is life, when liberty is banish'd,
 But a depressive torture of the mind?
 Death is the friendly hand, that closes all,
 And buries anguish in oblivion.

KING.

'Tis well thy spirit is so strongly arm'd,
 As to esteem futurity a trifle.

MONTANO.

The just need never fear it; I confess,
 I am a stranger to your christian duty;
 But still we only differ in opinion:
 I must believe one mighty Hand perform'd
 The universal work, and from dead matter,
 The first original Beings turn'd to life,
 And bid yon Orb in settled order move.
 If you have any more aspiring notions,
 The happiness is yours: I cannot change,
 Or vary from my great forefathers worship;
 I to my God bow with as much reverence,
 As you to yours can bend. 'Tis from these prin-
 ciples,
 I dare meet death, that smiling brings me freedom.

KING.

To-morrow's dawn decides thy fate, *Montano*;
 But let not thy fantastic hopes conceive
 Assuming notions of eternal requiem.
 Thy fierce ambitious soul shall first be humbl'd,
 And then my future pleasure shall determine
 The fate, of what this day has made my captive.

MONTANO.

Or, the FATAL CONQUEST. 11

MONTANO.

Are these the notions of thy christian honour,
To glory in our fate? When thus I conquer'd;
I to my captives gave a nobler bondage;
The man, who best defended his just cause,
(Tho' ev'n against myself) I valu'd most,
And paid his bonds due honour: but you seem
Poorly elated with this easy conquest,
Oh! had my Moors, who basely fled the field,
Dar'd to meet conquest that attends the valiant,
And bade this Day's propitious fate be mine,
I wou'd have us'd it by a nobler Maxim.

KING.

Ha! shall I tamely bear this Insolence,
And yield to hear thee cation out my power?
Is this to conquer? To the prison with him.

ALONZA.

Consider, royal sir, this gallant prince
Meets the severest tryal of his virtue;
And if he errs, 'tis his distress that mov'd him:
His power destroy'd! and his lov'd country con-
quer'd!

Himself a captive, doom'd to such a fate!
The bravest heart, arm'd with heroic valour,
May well degenerate to human frailty!
Us'd to command, he knows no force superior;
A little time will make his fate more easy:
When passion, and the monarch both decline,
He'll own the victor, and confess your sway.

C 2

'Till

'Till then — oh ! let his passion meet forgiveness,
And his distress extenuate his Crime !

MONTANO.

Is this the guardian goddess of your country,
That generously deigns to ask a life,
Which by surviving lengthens out the pain ?
Yet I must thank thee. If thou art a goddess
Oh ! let me to thy sacred rites conform :
Thy convert me accept, for it must be
Religion, to adore such angel-softness !

KING.

My daughter's intercession shall be granted
Thou hast thy life, and liberty as far
As our own safety will permit it thee.
Only a guard ~~shall~~ shall wait thee at a distance :
Now dare to live. To live and be unhappy ;
For other notions are the coward's weakness.

MONTANO.

I dare do more than thou hast power to teach.

KING.

Then dare to live ; for know self-murder is
By us esteem'd among the worst of crimes.

MONTANO.

Thinkst thou the hand divine does less inform
Our hearts with truth's firm zeal ! christian, no,
Mankind in general meet celestial instinct.
We are not christians, true ; but what of that ?
An honest open conduct is sufficient.

Virtue

Or, the FATAL CONQUEST. 13

Virtue and honour's noblest principles
Assert the man, and leave the brute extinguisht.

KING.

Away ! It suits not with the conqueror,
To hear thee play the braggard of thy honour !
Hence ; learn on humble terms to form thy language,
To such, as suits a captive to a prince.

MONTAÑO.

Rage and revenge ! confusion to thy soul !
Must I then fawn upon my conqueror ?
Perdition choke thee for a thought so insolent !

KING.

Again, I'll tame this rage ! a guard.

ALONZA.

I intreat you, sir ; let not your anger
Beyond your reason sway : let this one day
Pass free from blood ; to heaven alone resign it ;
Nor let the gallant prince's passion move you ;
Impute it to the greatness of his spirit.
He would have entertain'd you as a king,
Had this day's fate made you his conquer'd captive :
To him, dread sir, shew the same moderation,
Nor let him find in you a savage foe ;
But all the graces of a christian prince.

FLORAZENE.

Permit me, sir, to join *Alonza* here :
Confess him vanquish'd ; he is still a prince ;

Nor

Nor does he less deserve, than if he came
Upon the terms of peace. He bravely fought;
That tie alone shou'd bind him to your heart:
For honour, ev'n in foes, deserves regard.

MONTANO.

Did not my sooty hue cloud my complexion,
I shou'd have blush'd, to see so much of virtue,
Shine with bright beams, to grace the sect I hate.

KING.

To him your thanks transfer, for life restor'd:
And, to prevent a second cause of passion,
I'll leave you instantly. Come, my *Alonza*;
Our warlike triumph shall adorn thy nuptials:
And, to compleat the cause of general joy,
I'll give thee to the gallant prince of *Leon*.

On to the temple:
And let the hymeneal torch shine forth
In brightest lustre, to adorn the day,
That crowns our conquest with this brave ally,

SCENE

Or, the FATAL CONQUEST. 15

SCENE IV.

MONTANO, AARON, *Guards at a Distance;*

MONTANO.

If it was possible for man to merit
Such wond'rous beauty, he does well deserve her;
Oh! *Aaron!* I now feel severer pain,
Than when the horror of our vanquish'd cause
First seiz'd my haughty soul: I met their triumph;
With all the force of majesty and manhood,
But in this weaker cause I'm more than vanquish'd:
Did you not mark the fair, the beauteous charmer?
Her generous pity stole away my soul;
And now she's gone, I'm but a lifeless being.

AARON.

Do not, great sir, thus for a woman fall
From all your usual spirit; I own she's fair;
I own she show'd a generous compassion,
But yet, being the daughter of your foe,
That alone justifies a thought less gentle.

MONTANO.

Admit her father so: but yet, my friend,
She was not form'd for hate or enmity;
Oh! she's all gentleness; she looks an angel,
And her soft mind's angelic as her form.

AARON

AARON.

But yet, my prince, my ever honour'd master,
 Consider every thought at once concurs,
 To tell you, here it is a fruitless passion:
 Before it gains th' ascendant o'er your breast,
 Oh! let the force of manly reason drive
 The fond deluder from you; meditate revenge.

MONTANO.

That, *Aaron*, I confess a nobler passion,
 But where's the means? ah! far without our
 reach!

AARON.

If I cou'd gain my flight, and once tast freedom,
 I wou'd not leave you room, to ask the means.
 Did not your country pay you equal homage,
 And a joint worship with its guardian God?
 Do they not love you even beyond th' enjoyment
 Of life, fame, fortune, all the several blessings
 That are deem'd, worthy the desire of man?
 A leader might inspire them with new courage,
 Their liberty, your freedom, all wou'd join,
 To crown the general wish, and make 'em rouse
 The sleeping lion in their tardy hearts:
 And by misfortune resolutely brave
 Daringly rush on fate, or liberty.

MONTANO.

"Twou'd be the way to rush on certain fate.
 Your hasty zeal to serve me, has forgot

The

Or, the FATAL CONQUEST. 17

The treachery of my countrymen, whose flight
Impetuous brought the ruin of this day.
No more, my *Aaron* ; I approve thy friendship,
That greatly generous wou'd risk thy life,
To serve thy prince's cause. Alas ! my friend,
I lost my country's love with my authority.
They that ador'd me, whilst I was a king,
Despise me, now I am a king no more.

AARON.

Not all, my lord ; for some have honesty.

MONTANO.

Forgive me, *Aaron* ; I confess thee stranger
To vice or falshood ; heir to every virtue,
That ever crown'd thy noble race with honour.
Wou'd my ill fortune had not join'd thy youth
In the successless cause, that made us slaves !

AARON.

The thought of that rouses again my rage,
And bids me animate your drooping soldiers ;
And teach 'em to shake off these their new masters ;
I'll urge 'em deeply with their past disgrace,
Till daringly resolv'd they shall rush on
To the Deliverance of their royal master,
Or with the general ruin grace his fall.

MONTANO.

Vain the attempt !

AARON.

Then be the forfeit mine.

D

MONTANO.

MONTANO.

Thy friendship, join'd with manly tenderness,
Will cheer me in my chains and servile bondage,

AARON.

The parting with my prince cuts deep my heart ;
But, when I part, but for my prince's service,
Again it arms my soul ; let that cheer you.

MONTANO.

Imaginary pleasure !

AARON:

My royal Lord, be not your self the prophet,
Thus to pronounce our fate. The trial's dangerous.
But danger serves to heighten resolution,
The merits of our cause, my own resolves,
Plac'd in the light I view them, may attain
An easier conquest, than your hopes conceive ;
I'll use all arts to rouse our soldiers courage,
Relate your sufferings, sum up all your virtues ;
Till they confess you worth a thousand deaths,
And life too little in your cause to lose.
For me — I esteem my life but trivial,
Cou'd I by that exchange, but serve my prince.

MONTANO.

Heroic, honest soul, take all my heart :
For tho' *I* cannot, *it* departs with thee :
My guards too nearly watch me to attain
The flight that you may (unobserved) take.
Oh ! how I joy in thought of dear revenge,

In

Or, the FATAL CONQUEST. 19

In hopes to dare this insolent in the field.
The glorious task be thine; think on my wrongs;
And strike the tyrant's heart; and then, my friend,
I then cou'd smile in torture, and forget
In that dear thought the sense of outward pain.

AARON.
There shone *Montano*, there reviv'd again
The hero and the king! a cause like this
Will, from its native worth, secure a conquest.
And here I swear — assist me Gods to practice!
Never to yield, till all my blood is drain'd,
Or left inactive in my dying veins:
No chains again shall bind me; death or freedom
Shall bless my cause, or shelter me from shame.

MONTANO.
Be not too rash, my friend, lest the revenge
Recoil upon thyself: let patience sooth thee.

AARON.
Patience, my lord, is an inglorious passion:
Mankind may boast from unexperienc'd evil,
And tell us patience is our best relief;
But soon as e'er misfortune makes 'em wise,
They own it is too much for mere humanity,
To labour in distress, and not complain,
Or seek the path that leads to our relief.
That I'll pursue: when I've cut out the way,
I'll lead my royal master to the joy!

MONTANO.

Thy gallant spirit still excites my wonder;
 Let me adore, what only to admire, } *Embracing*
 Wou'd be injustice. } *him.*

Farewel, my friend, and seize the first occasion,
 That offers for thy flight. That may be easy,

And, I fear, far less difficult than conquest.

Oh! *Phylanax*! injurious *Phylanax*!

Cou'd but my injur'd soul attain revenge,

For these inglorious bonds! my bliss delay'd

Wou'd doubly be in the success repay'd;

My past ill fortune in oblivion drown'd,

And in full measure all my joys be crown'd.

*Exeunt.**End of the First Act.*

ACT

ACT. II. SCENE I.

A Room of State;

ALONZA and LUCASIA.

ALONZA.

THIS was the only artifice, *Lucasia*,
My nuptials to defer. Yet *Florazena*,
I own, is bless'd with each peculiar grace
T' adorn the hero, or compleat the lover;
But still my heart's obdurate to his sighs;
I only feel compassion for his pain,
But hear his soul confessing vows unmoy'd.

LUCASIA.

Did not the prince's generous passion move you,
When he suppos'd you lifeless at the altar?
What anguish! what inflicted pangs he felt?
But when he saw that life return'd again,
Oh! how his heart rebounded then with joy!
Eager he ran, and seiz'd you in his arms;
Consented too, to have his bliss delay'd,
Till you confess'd the cause of your disorder.
Sure such a lover ought to meet success!

ALONZA.

Cease, gentle girl, nor tell me of his merit.
Hearts never yet were reason'd into fondness,

Or

Or cou'd account for hatred or for love:
 'Tis an imperious thing, that either owns
 The passion pleasing, or contemns the object,
 That fain wou'd sooth the yielding soul to love.
 He tries each art of soft persuasive force;
 Yet tries each soft persuasive art in vain.

LUCASIA.
 The hero and the monarch! these are titles
 That easily might melt the frozen maid,
 Where glory waits, with laurel wreaths adorn'd,
 And crowns diffuse their sparkling rays around,
 Who cou'd allurements such as these refuse?
 And, when to these the tenderest love's united,
 Who can withstand the powerful, glorious lover?
 Surely my royal mistress has a heart
 Compos'd of stone inanimately cold?

ALONZA.
 Ah! no; it is not form'd of ought that's savage;
 It is too tender, form'd to be undone!
 Saw you this day the gallant Moor, *Lucasia*?

LUCASIA.
 The Moor my royal mistress?

ALONZA.
 Ay; the haughty, gentle, fierce *Montano*!
 Sure he is something greater than his sex.
 Was he to sigh, and tenderly protest,
 Fondly to look, and ardently to love,
 I think my heart, cou'd not resist th' address,
 But foolishly wou'd melt to his persuasion.

LUCASIA.

LUCASIA.

Exert your reason, madam, then look forward,
And think upon the desperate consequence.
Ha ! love *Montano* ! Heavens forbid the thought !
A captive too ! then the king's awful pride ;
And plighted faith unto the prince of Leon,
Oh ! think on these ; banish the misplac'd passion ;
And let it be conferr'd, where happiness
Smiles, to salute you with auspicious beams :
And not where sorrow holds the torch of Hymen,
To light you to inevitable ruin.

ALONZA.

Talk not of reason, love admits no counsel.
Oh ! how the greatness of his soul appear'd
Above captivity ! how he despis'd
A victor's rage, and even spurn'd his mercy !
Then ! when he thank'd me for my intercession,
What pleasing musick warbled on his Tongue !
And, when he look'd ! he stole my soul away,
And fixt it all his own : tho' *he's* my *father's*,
Most sure his *daughter* is *Montano's* captive.

LUCASIA.

But then, the different hue of your complexions.

ALONZA,

His is black, that's but a very trifle.
It is the dye that hides the awful God,
That shines within his soul.

LUCASIA.

If this be love,

Defend

24 FLORAZENE:

Defend my heart, kind heaven, from the fierce
power!

For it can never be a pleasing theme,
When the soft passion thus ensures our ruin.

ALONZA.

Soft! is not this he? Alas! my heart!
How does it beat! like a poor bird confin'd,
That longs to fly from its imprisonment.

Let us retire, *Lucasia*.

{ They go to the End
of the Stage.

SCENE II.

ALONZA, LUCASIA, and MONTANO.

MONTANO.

E're this, if fortune to my wish succeeds,
My friend is safe, enjoying native freedom.
But I'll not sooth my mind with hop'd success,
Lest it shou'd fail: the force of expectation
Increases Disappointment. It is true
The great and noble mind shou'd bear misfortune,
Not as the common curse of human nature,
But as the proxy of offended heaven,
To punish our offences; and to set
All our past frailties in a fairer light,
Than what the glass of happiness wou'd show us.
I may have err'd; yet sure my fate's severe!

When

Or, the FATAL CONQUEST. 25

When I look back upon the recent date
Of royalty and pleasure, there starts up
A scene of lively joy ; but, when I view
The change which fickle fortune has created,
Transform'd me from a monarch to a slave ;
I then cou'd curse and rage, tho' rage were vain
And think tame patience, an unmanly virtue.

(Seeing Alonza and Lucasia.)

I will not think that fate has quite forgot me,
Tho' rage and fiercest passions rack'd my soul,
Since it has bid this beauteous vision move,
T' abate the sharp sense of my late disgrace.
This kindness to a stranger, royal maid,
This visit to a monarch in distress,
May your own Gods repay.

ALONZA.

May yours teach you,
How to submit to their inflicted pleasure.

MONTANO.

To them I can submit :
But to the insults of a haughty victor,
Who barbarously triumphs o'er my fate,
That has work'd up my soul to such a rage,
As only death, or your prevailing charms,
Can calm again to peaceful harmony,
I own my heart's imperious, fierce, and haughty,
Subject to the infirmities of man ;
But I had nobler notions of a conqueror,

E

Than

Than to exert Dominion to a folly ;
And what was form'd my equal, make my slave.

ALONZA.

Alas ! my father errs in his severity ;
Your manly spirit merits gentler usage.

MONTANO.

If ought I've done, that merits your applause,
I then am blest indeed ! a smile from you,
Wou'd make this vile inglorious bondage light,
Alleviate pain, and soften ev'n despair.
This generous pity gives me so much joy,
It comes like notes of pleasing harmony,
And bids my soul to gentler concord move.
Art thou the tyrant's daughter ? how unlike !
In him the vices of fantastic humour
Rage uncontroul'd ; in you, the angel shines
Propitious, for a blessing to mankind ;
Soft, as the rays the immortal sun bestows,
To chear the wintry blast, and soften nature.

ALONZA.

What I have done,
Was, what my sex's pity did inspire.
Distress, like yours, demands the generous tear,
And but a trivial tribute ; since our pity
Can only join your woe, not give relief,
Or save you from the abject bonds you wear.
Believe me, royal youth, were I, my father,
I'd give you liberty, or gentler bondage :

But,

But, as it is, my wishes and my prayers
Are all I can employ, to serve your cause.

MONTANO.

Impossible that I can merit this !

ALONZA.

My tears and pity ever shall attend,
Where reason dictates. Where compassion moves,
My heart is soft, and yielding to th' impression.

MONTANO.

Will it receive the gentle seal of love ?
Oh ! cou'd it but retain that soft impression !
But there's no room for such delusive hopes.
Yet sure you're blest'd with such a gentle nature,
You can't but pity pains, yourself inflicted.
I look'd, and wonder'd at your forceful beauty ;
Till wonder chang'd to love ; to ardent passion ;
Even to th' extremity of fondness.

ALONZA.

Oh ! I must hear no more !

MONTANO.

Say but, you do not hate me.

ALONZA.

Away — I cannot hate you.

MONTANO.

Then I am made as happy, as my bonds
Will give me leave, permit but this.

(Kisses her hand)

ALONZA.

This is too much, my lord, you do mistake me;
My heart is not in my own power to give.

MONTANO.

Ha! I forget you are the prince of *Leqn's*.

ALONZA.

Still you mistake, I am a virgin yet;
Nor will admit that monarch as a lover.

MONTANO.

Nor yet admit of my address.

ALONZA.

Impossible!

MONTANO.

Let not my colour, banish me your heart,
It is the livery of honesty;
As such I'll ever wear it. Perhaps my chains
May seem inglorious, and excite your scorn;
But in captivity I'm still a prince;
The fate of war has not debas'd my blood,
Which still flows in the veins of royalty.

ALONZA.

My filial duty shou'd forbid my love;
I shou'd resolve to hate you; (vain attempt!)

(Aside)

MONTANO.

Where's the difference? Equal in our birth!
I have a line of ancestors, who shine
Above the grave, and flourish still in fame:

In

Or, the FATAL CONQUEST. 25

In council, war, and honour high esteem'd.
True I'm thy father's foe, But much thy friend;
For I cou'd risk my life, my every joy
To serve thy charms. Does this deserve thy hate?
To thee I owe my life: But what is life
Without thy love? Better t've died at once,
Than thus by piece-meal by a hopeless love.
You're generous but by halves.

ALONZA.

Cease to move me,
Nor urge me with thy too prevailing love:
I shou'd not hear, but fly it as injurious
To my best hopes. My peace, with it content
Discarded flies, and leaves me barren of
One thought of joy. My angry father wou'd
Disown the lost *Alonza* for his daughter;
In vain my words wou'd sooth, my tears wou'd
flow,
He wou'd reject their unprevailing force,
And banish me from his paternal love,
A wretched out-cast to a mercy'less world.

MONTANO.

Say, dear one, for what crime?

ALONZA.

For loss of honour.

MONTANO.

Ha! am I become so very abject?
That shame opprobrious dwells within my arms,
And buries injur'd honour in disgrace?

ALONZA.

39 FLORAZENE:

ALONZA.

I meant not so; but, as you was his foe,
Twou'd give you an occasion then to triumph,
That you enslav'd his daughter.

MONTANO.

That I lov'd her;
That I was doubly bound, not only his,
His daughter's slave. Thou source of all my joy!
Life of my blifs! and fountain of delight!
Say art thou beauteous, only to destroy,
And offer'st treach'ries under mask of kindness?
Oh! do not say you hate me, tho' you love not;
Confess a little pity for my pain;
And I will own it all the boon I merit.

ALONZA.

I cannot hate you; hardly can deny
How great, how wondrous great my pity's for you.
These tears! they flow from something more than
pity;
They flow for oh! *Montano!* to confess
My blushes oh! your gallant soul's undone me.
Oh! look not on me, spare the fond confusion!

MONTANO.

This extacy expression ne'er can paint;
And I can only thus confess the transport!
Witness, ye Gods, that I do now esteem

(*Embracing her*)

The fortune, that has brought me here, a blessing.
Since now my cares are all repay'd with pleasure;
My

Or, the FATAL CONQUEST. 31

My life ! my love ! angelic sweetest softness !
Perfect allurement unto perfect joy !



SCENE III.

MONTANO, ALONZA, LUCASIA;
KING, FLORAZENE, PYROCLES
and Guards.

KING.

Ha ! do I dream ? or do my eyes deceive me ?
My daughter ! and in conference with the Moor !
Detested fight !

ALONZA.

Ha ! my father !

KING.

Yes to my shame ! thou canker to my blood !
Do you not know, that next to hell I hate
That Moorish dog ? and dost thou parly, where
I've plac'd my hatred ? say ? resolve me, why
You did thus dare, to contradict my will ?

ALONZA.

Is it a crime to pity the distress'd,
And with th' afflicted join the friendly tear ?
If I against your honour e'er have trespass'd,
May I no more be stil'd your daughter ; but
Expell'd to wander thro' the world despis'd,
And beg that charity, for which I suffer'd.

FLORAZENE.

32 FLORAZENE:

FLORAZENE.
I must believe, the princess is sincere,
And beg your kind forgiveness and belief.

KING.
Alonza, you are pardon'd, but from this time
No more hold converse with the hated Moor!
But think him, as he is, your country's foe.

ALONZA, RYNALDO, MONTANO,



SCENE IV.

To *Them* RYNALDO.

RYNALDO.
To arms, my Lord! the proud seditious *Aaron*,
Who lately fled your kingdom, now leads on
A band of rebel Moors; arm'd to revenge
Montano's bondage, and restore his freedom:
Our troops are drawn out, ready to receive them,
And on their first approach to give them battle.

KING.
Ha! are they so near arriv'd? Confusion!
Guards seize the Moor, undoubtedly he knew
Of this their bold design.

MONTANO,
Be satisfied! I did.
May vengeance crown my cause, now tremble,
tyrant,

Think

Think on the wrongs to royalty and honour ;
Oh ! may they reach thee, with a just revenge ;
Once more my right of sovereign sway bequeath ;
And stamp thee, like an abject thing, beneath ;
Oh ! may they turn the fortune of the field,
And to my injur'd brow the laurels yield !



SCENE V.

KING, FLORAZENE, ALONZA, LU-
CASIA, PYROCLES and RYNALDO.

KING.

Draw up our men, *Rynaldo*, for the fight,
T'avenge th' assuming of these Moorish dogs,
And humble their fell pride. How now *Alonza*?
In tears ! no more, it is a foolish pity.

ALONZA.

Alas ! my fire, it is my nature's softness.

KING,

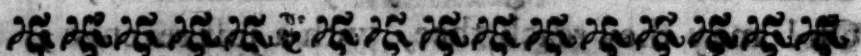
Away ! no more ! by heavens ! I will not bear
This shameless pity to an enemy.

Draw out our men, *Rynaldo*. Let our swords
Do ample vengeance on these desperate rebels,
Who from their distant country shake our land
With threaten'd ruin, and the din of war.
Their footy legions look destruction near,
But the brave heart can fate itself repel.

F

SCENE

346 FLORAZENE:



SCENE VI,

FLORAZENE, PYROCLES.

FLORAZENE.

There fled *Alonza*, and my soul together !
 Oh ! *Pyrocles*, did you not mark her looks ?
 What amorous glances on the Moor she cast ?
 I wou'd have given my life, for one such look
 As she on him did lavishly bestow.
 Oh ! there's no faith in woman ! How short the
 time

Since she resign'd her dear, deceitful hand,
 And own'd, my constant passion had deserv'd her ?
 Curse on the treacherous gift ! but I forget ;
 Tho' I cou'd give a loose to rage and passion,
 And curse the sex — yet I shou'd spare *Alonza*.

PYROCLES.

My Lord, freely to give you my opinion,
Alonza merits all your rage can act ;
 I saw her at the first thro' falshood's veil.
 Did you not mark her sinking at the altar,
 'Twas gross dissimulation all, no paleness
 On her cheeks to cover the pretence
 Of her dissembled swoon : a redd'ning glow
 Betray'd the treach'ry : yet by this vile art
 The mean evasion, she had form'd, succeeded.

FLORAZENE.

FLORAZENE.

The Moor is noble — but my rival, ha!
How that sad recollection stabs my soul !

PYROCLES.

Then let it dictate to your just revenge.

FLORAZENE.

Revenge! revenge! oh! it is softest music;
To lull the injur'd heart, and charm the ear.
But yet, say I had vengeance; small my conquest.
I might exert a triumph o'er *Montano*;
But that wou'd make *Alonza's* stubborn heart
Inexorable to all my future pleas.

It is resolv'd: His fate or mine is near.

Now my *Pyrocles*, hast we to the fight;

Let me again rouse up the warlike ardour;

And if I fall, death ne'er cou'd come more wel-
come. *(Exit Pyrocles)*

Oh! I cou'd curse my greatness; loath my throne;
For all that once cou'd please, can joy no more.

No more the battle animates my spirit,

No more inspires me with the thirst of glory,

To reach the high pre-eminence of honour.

Alonza kills my spirit's wonted greatness,

And I'm my self no more; I meanly cou'd

Forego the trophies of the dusky field,

And to more happy men my laurels yield.

End of the Second Act.

ACT. III. SCENE I.

The Palace.

KING, FLORAZENE, PYROCLES.

KING.

AT last their bold assuming rage is quell'd;
 And now does conquest hail security,
 And great beneficent peace, whose face serene,
 On her mild brow the blooming olive wears.
 Now by my life, tho' I've a native fierceness,
 Yet I've a softer passion in my breast,
 And other foes, like these distress'd, cou'd pity;
 But this curs'd Moor is poison to my nature!
 And something, that's foreboding, says, his life
 Prolong'd ensures the fate of *Phylanax*.

FLORAZENE.

Discard it, sir, fear is a servile notion,
 And it ill suits a monarch, to give way to't.

KING.

By heaven! my soul's a stranger to its power.
 When did I shun the terrors of the war?
 I lik'd his visage more than smooth-brow'd peace,
 And lov'd it as the source of all my glory.
 But yet the Mo-or! oh! 'tis prophetic! for
 His very name ev'n falters on my tongue.

FLORAZENE.

Or, the FATAL CONQUEST.

37

FLORAZENE

This apprehension I can not account for,
For sure *Montano* owns a gallant soul;
His actions speak the monarch, and his words,
Are honest in simplicity of language.
Artless, he knows not passion to disguise,
But acts, and thinks, as truth and nature teach;
And like mankind, when yet the world was young,
Strangers to vice, and foreign to deceit,
His heart's true sentiments inspire his tongue.

KING.

This praise, and for a rival, is too much,
Ha! there's a cause, the second cause of hatred.

FLORAZENE.

I wou'd have kept this secret, for a purport

(*Aside*)

Which this impetuous man, I fear, will ruin.
Alonza faithless! it can never be!
Forgive me, sir, if tardy to believe,
I must think better of *Alonza's* honour;
Than that she'd stoop, to love her father's foe,
And sacrifice her duty, to a man
Who differs both in faith and in complexion.

KING.

I am too well convinc'd of her intention;
Ev'n now she suffers the severest anguish,
And has, from his confinement, not appear'd
To grace our court in public with her presence.

But

But has retir'd from state, and social pleasure.
 Not but I love her dear as a fond father;
 Yet, shou'd she love the Moor, I've lost my child,
 Once darling of my life, and will forget her.
 Even now she mourns his fate: but let her mourn;
 It is the punishment her folly merits:
 She shou'd fast long with penitence and prayer,
 Sigh to the murmuring of the chilly blast,
 Wake to the glimmering of the midnight lamp,
 Nor sleep again, till she awakes to honour.

FLORAZENE.

Ah! poor undone *Alonza*! wretched too
 The lover is, who loves, like me, in vain!

KING.

I am her father, and by that tie I will
 Force her to her own happiness and yours.

FLORAZENE.

To take her, sir, from absolute authority,
 Will not ensure her happiness or mine:
 'Tis hard to force the will, the heart shou'd ever
 Direct the generous mind to love or hate:
 The tie that binds us, tho' it gives me *her*,
 Cannot bestow the *heart* of my *Alonza*:
 And when I tell the gentle tale of love,
 She will upbraid my passion with injustice;
 And when I sigh with ardency and fondness,
 She'll look with eyes indifferent to my pain;
 And tell me, with unkindness, 'tis not force
 By which two hearts are bound in mutual concord.

KING.

KING.

Ha! and wou'd you give her to the Moor?

FLORAZENE.

I'd give my life, before that dearer treasure!
No! tho' there is a softness in my temper,
There is another passion in my soul,
That may be waken'd to less gentle terms;
I'd stab him, stab myself; act any thing
That's desperate, e'er I wou'd endure the torture,
To see a happy rival, from my arms
Sooth the dear maid, and crown his bold attempt.

KING.

Passion best becomes
The heart of man, when 'tis ally'd to justice.

FLORAZENE.

And surely I have justice in my cause,
For all my bliss is center'd in *Alonza*,
She was my source of joy, my every wish,
All my fond soul cou'd form of happiness.
Philosophers and stoics will pretend,
The truly valiant mind should never yield,
To own misfortune's sway, but injur'd honour
Shou'd only be severe: yet surely love,
As it is instrumental to our bliss
As well as pain, it's sway is absolute.

SCENE.

SCENE II.

KING, FLORAZENE, PYROCLES,
RYNALDO.

RYNALDO.

Like this, great sir, may all your joys be crown'd!
Oh! still may conquest with his strong plum'd
wing,
Sit smiling on your throne, your captive *Aaron*,
Fierce in his chains, of insolent deportment,
Is now arriv'd, and waits your royal pleasure.

KING.

Conduct him, good *Rynaldo*, to our presence.

SCENE III.

KING, FLORAZENE, PYROCLES,
RYNALDO, AARON, *Guards*.

RYNALDO.

See here, dread sir, the fate of all your foes.
No longer now the Moorish host shall spread
Their multitudes upon our darken'd plains,
But yield in you to own a force superior.

KING.

Or, the FATAL CONQUEST. 41

KING.

Is this the bold intruder on our peace,
Who dar'd, a second time to brave our vengeance,
And war against Castile? Which was not meant
A conquest, to adorn a peasant's arms.

AARON.

There do you tax me falsely. It is true
No diadem, or regal throne, is mine;
Yet does the blood of true nobility,
Place my pretensions in as fair a light,
As yours can shine, tho' back'd with royalty.

KING.

Ha! dost thou brave me, dog?

AARON.

My prince's cause first mov'd me to revenge;
His injur'd cause. Oh! had it reach'd thee tyrant!
Thou wou'dst not then have glow'd with majesty;
But bent the suppliant knee at our displeasure.
In that dear thought my soul rebounds with tran-
sport,
And almost equals even th' enjoyment.

KING.

Prodigious insolence! hence to the dungeon!
Whips, racks, and torture, shall reform thy
manners.

AARON

They can but give variety of pain:
My scorn of thee is settled in my soul,

G

Beyond

Beyond the power of mortals to remove ;
 I dare meet fate, with an indifference
 That well becomes a Moor : my royal master !
 He too must fall : cou'd I his fate revenge
 'Twere better, far than is this feminine pity,
 This softness of the soul, that sinks to folly !
 Oh ! for a dagger but to plunge it deep
 Into thy heart, thou tyrant ! I cou'd die,
 Well pleas'd with fate, and own the Gods were
 kind.

KING.

Thy thoughts are full as black as thy complexion.
 Hence to the dungeon.

AARON.

I dare meet the worst
 Of thy fell malice, and despise its force.
 In this my fate I'll set mankind a pattern,
 How the brave mind its pleasure shou'd resign ;
 Shou'd yield to pain with equanimity,
 And view the mean destroyers with disdain.
 Oh ! thou just God, our guardian Deity !

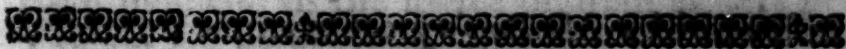
(Kneels)

Let but revenge attend to grace our fall,
 And I'll revere thy justice. Let thy thunder,
 Fall on the heads of these presumptuous men,
 Consume their cities with celestial fire,
 And bury all in a promiscuous ruin !
 For they contemn thy law, destroy thy servants ;
 And make thy right of power a thing despis'd.

KING.

KING.

I will not give thee time to cool thy spirit :
Guards, wait him to the prison. Let him there
Invoke protection of his tute'lar God ;
Inform his master of his good success ;
And spend his night in boasting of his conquest ;
And, at the morning's dawn, a just reward
Shall wait, to crown his visionary honour.



SCENE IV.

AARON, RYNALDO and Guards.

AARON.

Are these your christian notions then of honour ?
I wou'd not be a convert, to a sect
That triumphs o'er th' unhappy with contempt.

RYNALDO.

My royal master's cause defends him from
This unjust censure. I have seen him pity,
Nay, weep at the misfortune of his foes ;
And act, as suits the principles he graces :
And never saw his gallant temper mov'd
With hate like that he bears your master's name.
There is some cause, some latent secret, that
Transports him thus.

G 2

AARON.

AARON.

I tell thee, christian!

My prince is far above such meaness, as
 Causeless to hate, or to condemn unjustly.
 Black is the only dye, that can withstand
 The vices of the world, and make the passions
 Justly subservient to the task of honour.
 Oh! I will bear my fate with just contempt,
 As one insensible of outward pain,
 Instructed by *Montano's* great example;
 And as I liv'd, with equal faith expire,
 True to my prince's, and my country's cause.

RYNALDO.

My Lord, the guards attend.

AARON.

I wait thee, christian!
 My prince! to die with him, makes full amends,
 And gives more glory, than my chains can blast.
 But how to see him, bereav'd now of the means
 Of sweet revenge; with which I rais'd his hopes
 That is the hardest task I have to play.
 Yet, I may boldly say, I bring him freedom,
 As I've been instrumental to his death;
 Let us on that depend, next to revenge
 The last, the noblest refuge of the brave.
 Once more we'll taste the freedom we desire,
 For in our fates, these servile bonds expire;
 But yet one pray'r I to the Gods will give,
 And may they deign that one pray'r to receive;

Not

Or, the FATAL CONQUEST. 45

Not with our fates to let our country fall,
But take our lives the sacrifice for all.

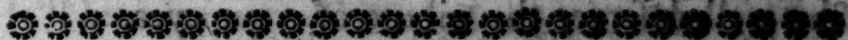


SCENE V.

A Prison.

MONTANO.

How great a pain is doubt? the worst of tortures!
Each moment 'tis the source of fresh anxiety!
Too apt our expectations to ascend,
Beyond the power of even chance to give
The summit of our wishes. It were best,
In such a situation not to think.
If my fate ordain, to give me happiness,
Whenever it comes, it will be welcome.
But, if I am allotted to be wretched,
That will too soon arrive. Then what is doubt?
Oft the forerunner of approaching evil.
Alas! how frail is our humanity?
That fears, ev'n in the height of our enjoyment;
And hopes, where hopes are inconsistencies.



SCENE VI.

MONTANO, LUCASIA.

MONTANO.

What brightness breaks upon the solemn gloom,
And kindly visits the afflicted scene?

How

46 FLORAZENE:

How can I thank the generous fair, that deigns
To shine with pity on a prince distress'd ?

LUCASIA.

Impute, great sir, the favour to *Alonza*,
My royal mistress ; who by me enjoins you,
To bear your fate with your accustom'd greatness.
Incessant prayers, and never ceasing wishes
Are the continual offerings of her heart
For your deliverance.

MONTANO.

If, for my fate
Her mourning beauty bends beneath afflictions ;
'Twill greatly aggravate my own misfortune :
To hear, the gentle dear one, grieves for me,
Inspires my heart with an Impression, softer
Than yet I'd felt. Till now I'd strove to bear
Me like a man, and soar above my fate.
But now my manhood sinks to tenderness ;
And more than woman's softness melts my heart.

(*He weeps.*)

LUCASIA.

She well deserves the tribute of your eyes.
I left the royal maid devoid of comfort,
Her fears for you have quite expell'd her own ;
She seems indifferent to a father's anger,
And makes no secret of her love for you :
Like a statue — motionless she sits.
Another Niobe — a thing inanimate

Grown

Or, the FATAL CONQUEST. 47

Grown pale with grief and care — while down
her cheeks

Flow tears ; as if she'd weep her self away.

MONTANO.

Ah ! poor *Alonza* ! Oh ! the gentle softness !

What have I done ? Resolve me juster heaven !

What have I done, to merit these misfortunes ?

Oh ! tell her ! — what ? — I know not what return

To make to such engaging, tender love.

LUCASIA.

She chides the winds that seem to mock her sighs,

And often thinks your spirit seems to wave her,

To follow you ; and then she wildly starts,

And vows, not death shall separate your loves.

MONTANO.

Did the pure state above admit of love,

Then we might yet be happy, yet be blest.

But say it does, a little time may change

The heart of my *Alonza*. If she lives,

She'll soon forget *Montano*, and receive

Some happy, happy ! rival, to her arms

And, after all their joys on earth are past,

He'll lead her up to the bright seats above,

And mock my cheated hopes.

LUCASIA.

Alas ! my Lord.

If you suspect, you do not know *Alonza*.

MONTANO.

There's always jealousy, where love's sincere :

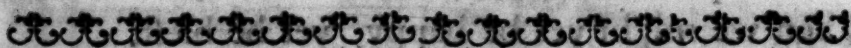
Impute

48 FLORA ZENE.

Impute it to my Error, not my crime.
Tell her how true my heart, how great my love;
That death wou'd be the object of my wish,
Did not her love my tardy soul restrain,
Which hov'ring, else wou'd long to take its flight
To other realms, where mercy's more sincere,
And no bonds wait, to curb the gallant mind.

LUCASIA.

There's not a single sigh, I've heard you breath,
Not the least accent, but I will convey
With just report unto my royal mistress.
Oh! may your blifs beyond your hopes prevail!
May the stern fates at your distress relent,
And by some turn of fortune in your favour,
Make an attonement for their past neglect.



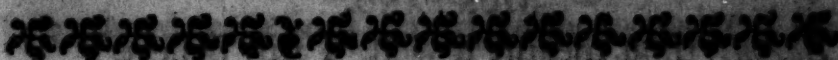
SCENE VII.

MONTANO.

My fame thus sunk, needs ample reparation!
Oh *Aaron*! shou'd thy juster cause prevail,
And my *Alonza* crown the blifs sincere!
But hence delusion! too extravagant thought!
Nought less than certainty shou'd give me joy.

SCENE

Or, the FATAL CONQUEST. 49



SCENE VIII.

MONTANO, AARON.

In a dejected Posture.

AARON.
I dare not look upon my prince. What horrors
Beyond severest tortures rack my soul?

MONTANO.
Aaron my friend return'd!

AARON.
I merit not that title. *(Turning away.)*

MONTANO.
Is this! is this the summit of my fate?
Now I indeed am lost! so very lost,
That I could wish for death, to put an end
To doubts of future change, and present torture.

AARON.
Ah! what a difference is here between
My fate and the gay phantoms of my mind?
I thought to have brought you life and liberty;
Instead of them, I bring you instant fate;
And all the comfort, I can now afford you,
Is, that I live to share my prince's chains:
A wretched partner in captivity!

H MONTANO:

MONTANO.

Aaron, thou meanst it well, I still believe ;
And acted too with all thy native braveness :
My friends 'tis fate, not you that has undone me.

(Embraces him)

AARON.

I am unworthy of this tenderness,

MONTANO.

That, what you could you did, I well believe ;
And did it like a man, what would I more ?

AARON.

You are too generous, sir, in your belief :
I shou'd not have surviv'd the very moment,
That I perceiv'd my efforts vain, to take
My just revenge upon your enemies ; but,
Had they not clos'd me in, I'd not again
Been made a slave. Had I ten thousand lives,
I had given 'em all a sacrifice for you,
And your much injur'd cause : Curse on the fate,
That enviously robb'd me of revenge !

MONTANO.

I've heard old venerable sages say ;
To bear life's changes with tranquility,
Is what does best bespeak a mind heroic.
But I've such fiery passions in my soul,
As cannot bear this tame advice with patience.
Like thee, my *Aaron*, I must join to curse
Our fate, our enemies. — But yet how vain !

They

Or, the FATAL CONQUEST. 51

They smile secure, and bid our rage defiance.
But come, we'll bear our fate as brave men shou'd

do,
And mock the violaters of our bliss.

AARON.

Your conduct and example will inspire
Such bright thoughts in my soul, that I, like you,
Shall learn to scorn the malice of our fates ;
And wish for death, to drop his sable shade,
And veil in darkness this our shameful bondage.

MONTANO.

I have reflected oft, how soon he can
Reduce the monarch to his native dust ;
Then they, who trembled at his living form,
Dare with irreverence stamp upon his ashes.

AARON.

Whilst calmly thus you moralize on fate,
I seem, as if my every care were eas'd ;
As passion rag'd no more, and death were near,
Nor is he at a distance ; but, —To-morrow, —
And then he pays his silent visitation,
And stalks in all his terror !

MONTANO.

Let him come.
Are these inglorious bonds desireable ?

AARON.

Despicable rather !
But yet, my royal master, so I love you !

H 2

I cannot

I cannot — dare not live, to see you die.

MONTANO.

I'll meet my death as best becomes a prince;
Let that thought cheer you. Wou'd I cou'd re-
ward

Thy noble, generous honesty of soul.

AARON.

When I wou'd serve, it is not for reward,

MONTANO.

Oh thou art master of a gallant mind!

That but ill suits the fortune that attends it,

And yet, well arm'd to bear it.—Sure 'tis late?

A heavy dulness of the soul o'er comes me;

And I wou'd sleep to pass away the hours,

That bring pain with them. If I now indulge

Rest and its pleasing power; it is certain

It will be the last time, for I no more

Shall lull my soul in sense—composing sleep;

Never again,—unless it be for ever.

Ha! sleep for ever! dreadful thought!

My mind cou'd never bear ^{the} inactive ~~one~~;

Yet, if the dead awake, I too shall rise,

Free from my chains, and smiling in my liberty.

Oh! but for one farewell of my *Alonza*!

One tender moment of affectionate love;

Or but a dream, a vision of her beauty;

All tender, soft, and fair, as the original,

Transported, I wou'd clasp it in my arms!

Love her aerial visionary charms;

Wak'd

Or, the **FATAL CONQUEST.** 31

Wak'd from the rapture boldly meet my doom,
See unconcern'd my latest moments come,
And greet the calm dominion of the tomb.

End of the Third Act.



ACT

ACT. IV. SCENE I.

The Palace.

FLORAZENE.

HOW great a foe to reason and to glory
 Is the deluder love? I long have strove,
 To shake it from me as an idle passion;
 But 'twill not be, it still exerts its empire.
 Not martial sounds or wars brisk clangor can
 Sooth my fond mind to rest. Glory was once
 My chieftest aim, the source of my ambition;
 But now the charms of honour are less pleasing;
 Inactive love quite drives the hero from me,
 And leaves me barren of the gallant flame,
 That us'd to animate my breast to glory.
Alonza! and the *King!* I will retire.

SCENE II.

FLORAZENE, KING, ALONZA,
 LUCASIA,

KING.

Away *Alonza!* I will hear no more.
 I am your father; think upon that tie,
 And let me meet obedience to my will.

ALONZA.

ALONZA.

I think upon it with the strictest duty,
But yet, my Lord, to yield to be unhappy;
To force the will; — oh! hard is the decree:
Sure 'tis enough, to soften disobedience,
And to excuse your erring daughter's fault.
I will forget *Montano*; think no more
Upon his excellence,—too well approv'd:
I will retire from courts and regal state,
To some far distant solitary dwelling;
Where every tedious hour, with sadness crown'd,
Drags heavily along; there shall my tears,
Mixt with my sighs, confess a joyless heart.
Let me bear this; your too—unduteous child!
But, let not *Florazene*, to me ally'd,
Be join'd to care; that singly of itself
Shou'd hold acquaintance with its wretched owner

KING.

Hence to thy cell! thou curse of a fond father!
Die, e're pollution stain untainted virtue,
And let unfulled honour wait thy death;
That I may not disown thee for my child;
And the Moor triumph in captivity.
Oh! he is deadly poison to my nature;
And tho' I love thee, love thee well *Alonza*!
Yet I had rather see thee dead, than his.

ALONZA.

Oh! my hard fate! ah! wretched, lost *Alonza*!

KING.

KING.

Say, thou degenerate maid? how cou'd thy heart
Yield to be thus misled — by errors mist,
To love the devil's image ;

ALONZA:

My Lord, I've done with all intreaties now :
Exert the King, and lay aside the father,
And quite forget that I was once your child,
Death's hand will veil my folly in oblivion.
And take away this canker to your peace :
This wretched, poor *Alonza* ! who no more
Can claim a part in your paternal love.

KING.

I lov'd thee once, thou wert my dearest treasure.

ALONZA.

That now you love me less, is my misfortune.
Yet, let paternal fondness plead my cause,
And move soft pity to your erring daughter :
Oh save *Montano* ! save the gallant Moor!
For in his life I live : he won my soul,
By something greater than the sighs of love,
The valour of the mind.

KING.

I'll hear no more !

Lest there shou'd be contagion in thy softness.

ALONZA.

Yet,—but one word,—and then I've done for ever.

KING.

Away !—be dumb !—thou wilt distract my quiet.
I cannot

Or, the FATAL CONQUEST. 57

I cannot hear the pleadings of thy Tongue,
Lest I turn dotard, and forget thy folly.

Away ; he dies. Speak not a word to save him ;
Forget the Moor ! and be again my child.

(Alonza swoons in Lucasia's arms.)



SCENE III.

FLORAZENE, ALONZA, LUCASIA.

LUCASIA.

Oh ! my royal mistress !

Yet speak, look up, and tell me that you live ?

FLORAZENE.

Alonza ! wake to life, and be assur'd,
So much thy happiness is my concern,
That I will urge the joyless theme no more.

LUCASIA.

She hears you not : ah ! my foreboding heart !
Much have I fear'd, this passion wou'd be fatal.

FLORAZENE.

That start was life.—*Alonza*, my *Alonza* !

ALONZA.

What voice was that ? that seem'd to pity me ?
And call'd *Alonza* in a note so sweet ?
Is it my love ?—Ha ! *Florazene* !—confusion !

FLORAZENE.

Do not upbraid me with a Look so cruel.

I

I came

I came not an intruder on your peace,
 I came a partner in *Alonza's* sorrow;
 For when you mourn; my sympathizing heart
 Breathes sigh for sigh, and feels redoubled pain.

ALONZA.

Oh! thou unjust *Alonza!* hear him, thus
 With honest tenderness upbraid thy falshood,
 Then tax thy heart, and own thy fate's deserv'd,
 I've given my love and happiness together,
 And both are lost e're this: for my *Montano*
 No longer now endures ignoble bonds.
 Dead! heavens! — *Montano*, dead! then, where's
Alonza?

Ah! where indeed? for I have lost myself!
 And only move the shadow of a being.

LUCASIA.

You dwell too much upon this wretched subject;
 Oh! strive my royal mistress to forget it.

ALONZA.

My offended fire will never see me more!
 And when I wander thro' the World an exile,
 Where shall I seek protection? when the author,
 Of poor *Alonza's* life disdains to own her?
 I merit this,—but all my crime was love!

FLORAZENE.

Still, still, *Alonza*, to confess you dear,
 Banish these soft complaints, which wound my
 soul,
 And I'll resolve you of the means, that yet

You

You may be just, and save *Montano's* life ;
And I be happy, or forget my pain,

ALONZA.

Does he yet live ?

FLORAZENE.

I'm certain he survives,

LUCASIA.

Oh ! trust the generous nature of the prince ;
His honour will secure your happiness.

Alonza ~~Alonza~~

Oh speak, and load me with thy obligations,
Tho' I'm already bankrupt to thy kindness.

FLORAZENE.

'Tis thus ; consent, tho' 'tis but seemingly,
To give your hand and heart to one ; who, if
Justice was love, did merit their possession ;
Nor shall you have occasion, to repent
Your condescension here. Believe me, dear one !
I'd give my life, if that wou'd sign thy peace,
Thou treasure of my soul !

Alonza ~~Alonza~~

Do you thus love ?

And my return all black ingratitude ?

Oh ! how the obligation stings my soul !

FLORAZENE.

My intentions make the obligation void :
For know — Yet trust my honesty, *Alonza*,
And I will use *Montano* as becomes it ;

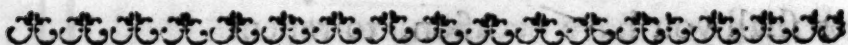
Yet not be poorly tame, to sign my ruin.

ALONZA.

I trust—thou gallant youth, thy generous nature,
Too noble to deceive. But this delay
Ensures *Montano's* fate, whate're your meaning.
Perhaps e'vn now he bleeds! now ghastly death
Casts his pale mantle o'er his manly cheeks,

FLORAZENE.

I'll tell you of my purport, as we go.
I'll gain *Montano's* life, upon such terms,
As shall not be ev'n neighbours to injustice,
But let the man, whose right deserves thee best,
Take thee, thou lovely cause of our contest,
And let the vanquish'd to the victor's arms
Resign the treasure of *Alonza's* charms.



SCENE IV.

A Place of Execution.

KING, PYROCLES, RYNALDO,

&c. seated, MONTANO, AARON,

Guards! and Executioners.

MONTANO,

Ha! does the monarch fit to grace my fate?

Oh! wond'rous clemency! where is the man,

That is to free me from captivity?

KING.

Or, the FATAL CONQUEST. 61

KING.

Had not thy bold presumption rais'd thee too
My daughter's love ; I might have deign'd thee
mercy :

But ne'er can brook the insolent attempt.

MONTANO.

Brook the attempt ! usurper of my honour ?
My insolence !—oh ! grant me patience, Gods !
Resolve me ? am I not thy fellow-king ?
Then wherefore is my love, beneath thy daughter ?
Or why unworthy of the dear return ?
Oh ! my *Alonza* ! thou angelic sweetness !
Can'st thou be child to this assuming man ?
Some generous God deceiv'd thy mother's arms,
And, in thy father's likeness, gave a birth,
To what's too fair to be of earthly race.

KING.

Damnation on thy extasy ! away with him to death

MONTANO.

To let thee see, oh ! thou most merciless thing !
How the brave mind shou'd fly to liberty ;
I will my self, without the force of these,

(*Pointing to the guards.*)

Resign me to my fate. Advance, begin,
Ye horrid executioners of death,
Ye instruments of hell : *Aaron* farewell.

AARON.

My prince, inspire me with thy gallant spirit,

Nor

Nor let my manhood sink to own misfortune,
 My own fate I cou'd resolutely bear ;
 But thus to see you mangled by the hands
 Of these base wretches ! whom if justice follow'd,
 Blisters, and death, shou'd wait upon the hands,
 That with vile touch debas'd your royalty.
 Farewel, my prince, we shall expire together :
 For when the stroke of death shall fall on you,
 The same will sever my uncorded heart,
 And save these fiends the malice of their purport.



S C E N E V.

KING, PYROCLES, RYNALDO,
 MONTANO, AARON, &c. FLO-
 RAZENE, ALONZA, LUCASIA,
and Attendants.

FLORAZENE.

Montano bound ! hence ! set him free this moment,
 My King, you'll wonder at this rash behaviour ;
 But 'tis the force of extasy, that caus'd
 This wild Confusion, this disjointed rapture !

KING.

What mean you, prince, thus to recal the doom
 Of one, that dares to own my daughter's ruin,
 And brave it to my face ?

ALONZA:

Or, the FATAL CONQUEST. 63

ALONZA.

Alas! my fire,
My honour does not want a better guard,
Than is the native greatness of my soul;
Which ever shall protect my fame unspotted,
Nor leave it in the power of man to blast.

FLORAZENE.

My Lord, I made a promise to *Alonzo*,
If she consented to my happiness,
To give the Moor his life. I ask but this,
To try how far my interest resides
In royal *Phylinx*: I must intreat you,
To give *Montano* unto my disposal;
Believe me, royal sir, I will not act
Beyond the bounds of safety to your people.
Alonzo's passion for the Moor is chang'd
Into esteem.—If you consent to this,
She'll be no more obdurate to my sighs,
But will conform to love and your commands.

KING.

Can this be true! 'tis a deceitful sex:
Oh *Florazene*! she will betray thy youth
And artless soul, unconscious of deceit.

FLORAZENE.

She, sir, can have no view in thus dissembling;
It is no more, sir, than as a due return
Of filial love to an indulgent father.

KING.

KING.

Receive him, prince, he is your prisoner,
Alonza's still my child.

ALONZA

And when I forfeit
 That happy title, I shall be truly wretched.

KING.

I will retire, for yet, I know not why,
 His presence gives me pain : but mark me prince:
 Let not your pity trust a foe too far ;
 But act, so, as becomes Castile's ally.



SCENE VI.

FLORAZENE, MONTANO, ALON-
 ZA, LUCASIA, PYROCLES, RY-
 NALDO. &c.

MONTANO.

Is this my rival ? this the happy man,
 That must succeed me in *Alonza's* love ?
 To be so very false, and yet so fair !
Alonza ; oh ! *Alonza*, what's my life
 Without thy love ? Thou dearest treasure of it !
 Ev'n pity's cruelty, when thus employ'd ;
 To ask a life, to make it miserable.

FLORAZENE.

If this shou'd give my love a happy turn,

Her

Or, the FATAL CONQUEST. 65

Her former flights will but enhance my bliss.

MONTANO.

Curses attend her falshood ! may the progeny
That shall succeed, the product of your loves,
Appear the fright, and prodigy of nature ;
May they be destitute of human form,
But yet retain the falshood of their mother.

FLORAZENE.

May the winds bear thy curses to the air :
But yet, *Montano*, they are wrongly plac'd :
I will not rob you of *Alonza's* love,
But on such terms as honours self shall answer.
Did I assume beyond its cooler rules,
I cou'd without thy leave, receive her from
A father's hand, and just authority.
My soul disdains the weakness ! and will only
Let justice give the due reward to merit.
To-morrow's dawn shall satisfy your doubts ;
None shall have cause to blush at my intention,
Or your own heart confess it ought but just.

MONTANO.

There's something speaks so noble in thee, christian
I must believe thee honest and sincere.

FLORAZENE.

I'll act, as shall deserve your just applause :
This night's the last of your captivity.
Believe me, prince, so gallant is thy nature,
Grac'd, and adorn'd with ev'ry manly virtue ;
That did not our agreeing loves combine,
To cause our enmity ; this moment I

K

Wou'd

Wou'd have releas'd you from these servile bonds,
And set the greatness of your soul at large.

MONTANO.
Whilst we are friends; I must embrace thee,
prince.

I own, thy gallant conduct makes me think
By much the better of thy christian sect.

As for *Alonza*, if you prove her false,
She is beneath my sword: tho' I do love her
Beyond all other ties; beyond the charms
Of life, and liberty, adorn'd with glory.

ALONZA.

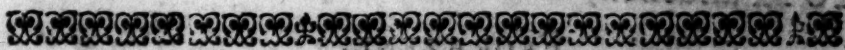
So far *Montano* — Look not so fiercely on me!
So far I'm false — that I have giv'n a promise,
To give my best affections to the man,
Who, I think, best deserves my best affections:
That waits for the decision. Do not doubt,
But I'll act all I do most openly,
And if you saw my heart — Of this no more:
'Tis injury to doubt, and merits hatred;
But I'm unpractis'd in the arts of cruelty.

MONTANO.

Ha! to the man who best deserves your love!
I see too plain, 'tis native to a christian,
To fawn and flatter with a vile pretence;
Yet covertly deceiving; ha! a thought
Just now stung thro' my soul. It so alarms me,
I must retire to recollect my patience;
But know, *Alonza*, tho' I dearly love you,

I was

I was not form'd a servile toy, to sport with.
And if you answer not what you protest,
I'll tear this idle fondness from my breast.
No more for an ignoble passion mourn,
But love despis'd to juster hatred turn.



SCENE VII.

FLORAZENE, ALONZA, PYRO-
CLES, LUCASIA, *Attendants.*

ALONZA:

His jealousy has turn'd my words, a way
I never meant, how shall I undeceive him?

FLORAZENE.

'Tis but one night; and sure a love like yours
Can pay the torture with redoubled joy.
In his sincerity he has a roughness,
That cannot bear a doubt: but think not, dear one,
That I will deal unjustly with my power.
To let you see my heart is quite sincere,
Unless the King insists upon our nuptials,
They shall not be, till both our rights are tried.
Now deal as justly with my heart, *Alonza*,
Assign a reason, why you cannot love me.

ALONZA.

Alas! I know not; I esteem you much.

FLORAZENE.

Esteem, is but a cold return for love!

K 2

ALONZA!

ALONZA.

Nay the esteem, I entertain'd for you,
Must be a-kin to love : for once I thought you
Superior to your sex ; the noblest object,
To fix affection, and enslave my heart.

FFORAZENE.

This dear confession inspires again my joy :
And, my *Alonza*, may you give your heart
To him, that best deserves it : he that best
Can fence *Alonza* from the force of danger,
And guard his life propitious for her love.

ALONZA.

I hope, my Lord, your nobleness of spirit
Will act but as an honourable rival,

FLORAZENE.

Assure your heart of this ; that no injustice
Shall here be practis'd, but your self shall be
The judge of our deserts, and the reward.

ALONZA

Then to the justice of the cause I leave it.
But if my heart's a rebel to its peace,
My folly's punishment is your revenge.
Or, if my mind is obstinately bent
On pleasing ruin in the form of love ;
So lost a passion will your pity claim,
And charity may soften the reproach,
That slighted merit might with justice give,
I ne'er must joy again ! but absence may

Your

Or, the FATAL CONQUEST. 69

Your former peace and tranquil mind restore,
When lost *Alonza's* charms shall cease to please.

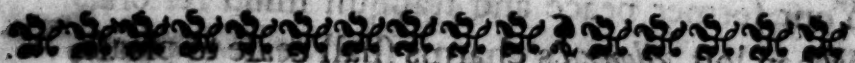
FLORAZENE.

'Tis thus harmonious *Philomel* complains,
Sweet are her notes ! and elegant her strains !
Her tuneful descants, are the voice of love,
That cheers with melody the midnight grove ;
But at the morning's dawn, she quits her lay,
Nor chants her sonnets to the rising day ;
She view's the sun's fair lustre with disdain,
But, at the wish'd approach of night, again
Warbles distress, and meditates her pain.

End of the Fourth Act.



ACT.



ACT. V. SCENE I.

A Prison.

MONTANO *asleep.* — AARON.

AARON.

THE greatest mind, that yet adorn'd the world,

Has been the slave of passions, and of love.

See here as brave a heart, as ever met

(Pointing to Montano.)

The battle's rage with greater warmth than Mars!

Almost above a man, till woman tempted !

And then he fell from all his wonted greatness ;

A slave to love's romantic sovereignty.

MONTANO. (waking)

Stay, stay *Alonza*. — Ha! *Aaron*!

AARON.

Till now I never was unwelcome to you.

MONTANO. *(rising.)*

Nor are you now less welcome than before ;

My sudden start was shame : I wou'd have kept

My weakness from thy fight conceal'd for ever.

Oh! I cou'd hate her! yet I dearly love her!

She's false as hell, and yet she's heavenly fair!

Alonza, false *Alonza*! you've undone me.

Alameda

Or, the FATAL CONQUEST. 71

AARON.

How is your usual spirit banish'd from you;
The martial sounds, and trophies of the war
Were once your chief ambition, and to rouse
The lion from his inactivity,
To force the haughty savage from his slumber,
To meet his fate beneath your glittering spear;
But the success by far o'er paid the danger.
No soothing flute, or sound of melody,
Had power to charm beyond the nobler sounds,
That call'd the hero to the task of glory.
The wars enliv'ning, joy-restoring clangor
Inspir'd fresh ardors to our glowing breasts,
And fir'd our active souls, this! this! my prince,
Was music worthy of *Montano's* ear,
And gave more joy, than the insipid airs
Set to the movements of inactive love.

MONTANO.

Do not upbraid me, *Aaron*.

AARON.

From my soul I pity you. Let not this passion,
This love of glory, which in me, I own,
Reigns the superior native of my heart,
Invade your peace: yet what are you in love with?
A devil; a crocodile! no devils were so false:
They act their treacheries more openly;
Nor put the veil of truth on falsehood's brow,
But make their crimes their merit and their pride.

MONTANO.

MONTANO.

Who cou'd believe, that she was form'd for
treachery?

She wears the form of innocence serene,
Fair as the summer sky; her mind as gentle,
As is the ev'ning breeze, that crowns the day.
How can I hate the dear perfidious charmer?
My nature's fierceness is no longer mine,
Alonza softens all, and tunes my soul;
Fair in deceit, and beauteous ev'n in falsehood.

AARON.

Your fondness here is tainted with injustice:
'Tis vain, misplac'd, not worth continuance;
And ne'er can give you pain to shake it from you?
Think what you are! a prince! then view by her
Your honour, royalty, and love despis'd.

MONTANO.

Ha! despis'd! scorn'd said'st thou, *Aaron*?
Perdition and destruction blast her charms;
And let her name perish with infamy!

AARON.

These curses all recoil upon your self:
If you wou'd yet exert the prince and soldier,
And be no more a slave to faithless woman,—
Ha! by heavens she comes—what can this mean!
My cause is lost, curses attend her charms!
Think, sir, the prince of Leon is your friend,
Resign *Alonza*, to preserve him so.

Resign

Or, the FATAL CONQUEST. 73

Resign her! nay you must, she is his wife;
And comes not now thro' pity or affection.
No! 'tis to laugh at your deluded hopes,
And triumph o'er a conquest, she despises:
And yet this early hour! e're yet the dawn
Of grateful day bedecks the roseate east:
But yet you know her false—she has confess'd it,
This visit is—she comes:—believe me, sir;
And scorn the daughter of your conqueror,
Your deadliest foe, who smiles, but to betray.



SCENE II.

MONTANO, AARON, ALONZA.

MONTANO.

I'm arm'd against her beauty, and will go—

ALONZA.

Say? where, *Montano*?

MONTANO.

T' avoid thy treacherous! dear! deceitful charms!

ALONZA.

What have I done, to merit this ill usage?

What have I done, to make *Montano* hate me?

MONTANO.

Ha! hate you! *Aaron*, I am lost.

AARON.

It is the cunning of the sex, my lord.

L

Oh!

24 FLORAZENE:

Oh! let the greatness of your soul support you!
Nor yield again, to be again betray'd.

MONMANO.

No more:—I'm still myself; I do not hate you!
I mean, is there not reason for my hatred?

ALONZA.

Alas! I can accuse my heart of none.

MONTANO.

There, I my self am witness of thy falshood!
Didst thou not name thy prince's merit to me?
Art thou not his, his wife?—thou beauteous
falshood!

Unkind *Alonza*! oh! I will no more
Be captivated with thy Syren—voice,
No more admire the beauties of thy form,
So lovely! that my life, my peace was yours;
Thou faithless pattern of a skill divine!
Do you now come to cheat me to fresh pain?
Ah! *Aaron*, follow me, whilst yet the will
Remains, to bear me from this fair delusion.

ALONZA.

Yet stay, and hear, how much you are deceiv'd.

MONTANO.

I know too well, how much I am deceiv'd;
But, to avoid that fate a second time,
I will endeavour to forget thy charms;
And were I free from these detested bonds,
I wou'd exert once more the prince and soldier;
And

Or, the FATAL CONQUEST. 75

And let these softer notions fade away
In dark oblivion.

ALONZA

I can forgive ev'n this, as your mistake,
What I have done, was in your cause, *Montano*;
I won the generous *Florazene* to aid
My almost sinking cause, and sav'd your life,
My father, soon as he perceives my falshood,
Will cast me like a wretch from his remembrance;
My folly merits this; but yet my love
Deserv'd a kinder treatment from *Montano*!

MONTANO

Oh! woman! woman! — sure she must be true;
And yet the prince; alas! my faithful *Aaron*,
Shall I take thy monition, or obey
That inward counsellor, my heart assigns
To plead her cause, the dear seducer love?

AARON.

These are but christian arts: you are unskill'd,
And shou'd not trust the lure of her enchantments;

ALONZA.

Art thou thus perjur'd? ah! unjust *Montano*!

MONTANO.

Yours is the heart of falshood, mine the pain
Of being deceiv'd by one, I lov'd so well.

ALONZA.

This is too much to bear! adieu *Montano*;
I will pursue your own example here,

76 FLORAZENE:

And try to banish you my heart for ever;
I'll from the world and human kind retire,
Nor trust your sexes arts; I will henceforth
Forget, how great you in my eyes appear'd,
And never think on the deluder more.

(Going.)

MONTANO.

By heavens! she is sincere! she must be true!
Such beauty never was ordain'd for falsehood.
Yet stay, *Alonza*! stay, enchanting fair!
And see, how great your triumph's o'er *Montano*.

ALONZA.

The man, who without reason doubts our truth,
Shou'd never meet forgiveness; go to your
monitor! (Points to Aaron.)

He'll give you counsel, to allay your pain,
And tell your love is an inglorious bondage.
This jealousy bids me despise *Montano*!
As he this poor, inferior thing, a woman.

MONTANO.

Her scorn's too much to bear: oh! my *Alonza*!
I see you here all tempting! sweet to sense!
And melt away to tenderness before you,
Come, this passion from love proceeded;
In love sincere most jealousy is found.

ALONZA

You see me here, ah! too ungrateful man!
What danger do I run, to see *Montano*?
E'er yet the dawn of day I fled from rest,
To

Or, the FATAL CONQUEST. 77

To cheer your chains, and animate your hopes:
I brib'd the guards, to yield to my admittance,
And gave my word for secrecy and silence;
And all the live-long night — despising rest,
To heav'n I bent with prayers for your deliverance,
For its best aid to join *Montano's* cause.

MONTANO.

Art thou thus faithful, tender, soft, and kind?
How have I wrong'd thee, miracle of goodness?
But oh! forgive me! mine's an artless soul!
And, tho' the fraud was practis'd for my safety,
Yet I cou'd not, by love made blind, perceive it.
I am a stranger to your christian arts;
With us our sentiments flow from the soul,
Rude to the refinements of your falshoods,
Unfashion'd to deceive.

ALONZA.

'Tis not deceit,
When done, to save the cause, we wou'd preserve.

MONTANO.

Thus low, thus kneeling let me own your truth;
And ask forgiveness of suspected virtue.
My life! my love! thou soul of all my bliss!
Without thee, life's a solitary being,
And I become a thing inanimate.
But when you speak, or smile divinely sweet;
I'm lost in extacy! and gladness reigns,
The gentle, welcome native of my soul.

ALONZA.

ALONZA.

That soothing voice was made only to conquer;
I own my heart is yours, take it *Montano*,
But use it gently; for the tender thing
Wou'd languish, if not die in your displeasure.

MONTANO.

This transport is too great for my expression:
To be thus kind! thus exquisitely good!
Oh! take me gentle charmer, to thy arms
For everlasting peace dawns on thy breast,
And sure thy smiles give more than mortal
transport.

ALONZA.

Oh! that a love like this shou'd e'er be parted.

MONTANO.

Talk not of parting! death is in the sound,
And if I wou'd pronounce farewell 'twou'd close
The organs of my voice.

ALONZA.

I fear, your friend
But little relishes our happiness.

AARON.

Forgive me, royal fair one; while my soul
Was wrapt in awful wonder at your conduct;
I own, I err'd; but am converted now
From my harsh sentiments of female honour.
If women all cou'd have your power to charm;
Not only with the beauties of the form,

But

Or, the FATAL CONQUEST. 79

But with the nobler virtues of the soul ;
Love wou'd adorn the hero to profess it ;
And ne'er be stil'd a visionary joy.

ALONZA.

Let not the valiant *Aaron* stoop to flatter ;
What you have done, was in your prince's cause,
And I can pardon whate'er came from him ;
I think this fondness and forgiveness prove it.

Oh ! my *Montano* !

How short is anger, when deriv'd from love ?
I thought I never cou'd forgive your doubts :
But soon as you began the pleasing tale,
My ears were charm'd, my heart was all your own ;
And love its place asserted in my breast ;
Expos'd my weakness ; spoke how much you had
The sole dominion of *Alonza's* heart.

MONTANO.

Grant me, ye Gods, in pity to my prayer,
Some happy revolution, if but to make
Amends for all this goodness. Cou'd I be free ;
Wou'd fate confirm thee mine, thou gentle
charmer ;

'Twere joy almost too great for mere humanity !
The gallant christian said, the morning's dawn
Shou'd fix my fate, and that desert shou'd win
thee,

My love will brace my arm, my courage rouse :
Conquest is mine !— It is *Alonza's* cause.

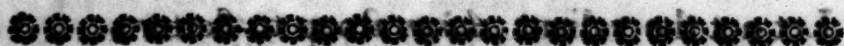
Conquests, and joys attend upon thy beauty ;
Raptures,

80 FLORAZENE:

Raptures, and pleasures, wait upon my love.

ALONZA.

Ha! what noise was that? I stay too long.



SCENE III.

MONTANO, ALONZA, AARON,
RYNALDO.

RYNALDO.

Without the city gates, illustrious prince,
The gallant *Florazene* attends your presence,
There to impart to you his own proposals.

MONTANO.
I'll to him instantly: come my *Alonza*.

ALONZA.

It will not look decent to attend you,
I'll follow at a distance, with my women
Who wait without.

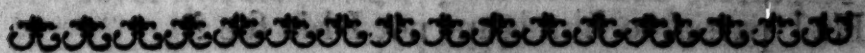
MONTANO.

Let it be so.

My soul's suspended 'tween th' extreams of joy,
And anxious wonder at the consequence;
But in the trial of our jarring hearts,
When you're the cause, I must come off the victor;
And this one trial will but serve, to prove
How just my passion, and how great my love.

SCENE

Or, the FATAL CONQUEST. 81



SCENE IV.

The Field before the City.

FLORAZENE, PYROCLES.

PYROCLES.

Be yet advis'd, my royal lord, nor risque
Your life in this adventure. Has not the king
Confirm'd the princess yours? is not your right
Superior to every other rival?

FLORAZENE.

Cease, *Pyrocles*; have not I given my word
Both to *Alonza*, and the gallant Moor,
That a just trial shou'd our cause decide?
And shou'd I forfeit it, where then is honour?
Where are the ties, that human nature bind,
Controul the will, and make a promise duty?
How shou'd I act in this? 'Twere poor to take
Advantage of a captive.—No! our swords
Shall solve our joint affections.

PYROCLES.

That niggard honour, that confines your soul,
Shou'd fix you the firm friend of our Castile.

FLORAZENE.

When was I otherwise?

PYROCLES.

Forgive me, sir;
I think you much too partial to the Moor.

M

FLORAZENE.

FLORAZENE.

Ha! partial to him! am not I his foe?
 Is not my sword unsheath'd for his destruction?
 I view him with a jealous rival eye,
 But yet, *Alonza's* honour, all depend
 Upon this trial; — Therefore, *Pyrocles*,
 Left my own foldiers, with officious duty,
 Shou'd try t' obstruct me in this just design;
 I choose you out by noblest confidence,
 And trust you with the purport of my soul.
 May I believe you true.

PYROCLES.

I am your slave:
 And I wou'd die, e'er I'd betray your secret.

FLORAZENE.

Enough; I trust your honour: now observe me:
 If I survive, the victor in the combat
 I've no request to make: but, if I fall,
 Permit the Moor his flight.

PYROCLES.

Ha! shou'd I turn a traitor to my king?

FLORAZENE.

Obey in this, or servilely away,
 And tell my just intention to your king.
 A traitor! no, if there's a man that will
 Maintain his word unbroken, 'tis the Moor!
 I'll take his honour for the kingdom's safety.
 What can a wretched fugitive attempt,
 With scatter'd remnants of a routed army?

Does

Or, the **FATAL CONQUEST.** 83

Does not their nation wear Castilian bonds,
Riveted too hard for him to shake them off?

PYROCLES.

I will obey you ;

As far as my regard for you
And honour's sacred ties will give me leave.

FLORAZENE.

On false professions may a curse attend,
But heav'n reward the brave man's just design.
The trial of your offer'd truth approaches :
Leave me, my friend ; and prove that title just.

SCENE V.

FLORAZENE, MONTANO, AARON.

FLORAZENE.

Dismiss your friend, in open firm assurance
No insults shall be offer'd.

MONTANO.

I am a stranger to that servile thing,
Call'd fear, the coward's weakness! *Aaron leave*
me.

SCENE VI.

FLORAZENE, MONTANO.

FLORAZENE.

Now hear at once the purport of my soul;
On the same object we both fix'd our loves;
And, to decide the difference of our fates,
Receive this sword, and use it like a man.

MONTANO.

But is it honourable in a captive
Singly to combat with a conqu'ring prince?
I now have nothing but my chains to lose,
And you a kingdom: true I fight for love;
That gives my breast the animated glow,
Fierce as ambition once, and youthful pride,

FLORAZENE.

Yes gallant-minded man; it is a cause
Great as the honour of contending nations.
'Tis bliss—'tis life—'tis love, and my *Alonza*;
Not that I like 'twixt man and man destruction,
Nor does it well besit our christian law;
Yet in a cause like this — forgive me heaven!
Engaging beauty wears the smile of honour,
And makes each passion greedy as for fame.

MONTANO.

Thy unexampled honour, prince, I own,

The

Or, the FATAL CONQUEST. 23

The noblest mind cannot chough esteem gaining
But hear me first, swear by your own Deity ;

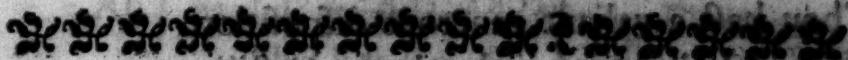
If your success shou'd over me prevail ;
Never to offer insult to Castile ;
But be content to be a fugitive ;
Until the King shall offer terms —
This swear, if you survive.

MONTANO.

Oh ! thou great God !
Whose brightness fills yon orb of living light ;
By thee, and thy divinity I swear,

FLORAZENE.
'Tis well, I ask no more : begin the trial !

(They fight, Florazene falls)
It is my fate ; *Montano*, you have conquer'd ;
And bright *Alonza's* charms will grace thy triumph.



SCENE VII.

MONTANO, FLORAZENE, ALONZA,
LUCASIA, and Women Attendants.

LUCASIA.

Oh ! fatal spectacle ! (Seeing Florazene)

ALONZA.

Where ? where *Lucasia* ? Ah ! *Florazene* !

Expiring

Expiring on the ground ! cruel *Montano* !
Was this the only way to make me yours ?

FLORAZENE.

Alonza ! not till now cou'd I resign you
Unto a rival's arms ; he well deserves you :
I dar'd him to the fight, wherein I'm vanquish'd ;
And the decision gives — to him *Alonza* —
To me my fate.

ALONZA.

Ah ! hapless *Florazene* !
Hapless *Alonza*, innocently guilty !

MONTANO.

Thou gallant man ; by heaven, spite of the bliss
Which I enjoy in my *Alonza's* love ;
I pity thee, forget the victor's joy,
And call these witnesses of my concern,
These tears, — that suit not with a conqueror.

FLORAZENE.

Thou hast a valiant generous disposition,
I've order'd *Pyrocles*, that brave Castilian,
To let your flight be easy : yet, *Montano*,
Think that *Alonza* is her father's treasure,
And try, to crown your loves on peaceful terms :
But, should they fail, some hospitable prince
Will with just pity aid a royal fugitive.

MONTANO.

My brave allies with pleasure will receive me,
And try to move to peaceful terms *Castile* ;

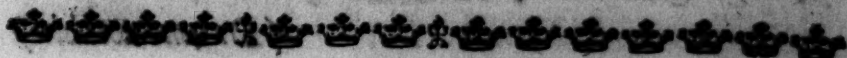
Expiring

FLORAZENE.

Or, the FATAL CONQUEST. 87

FLORAZENE.
Whilst I talk,
A dusky darkness creeps upon my sight;
And death's cold hand freezes the springs of life:
Let my remembrance in my grave be buried.
Eternally farewell. (Dies)

ALONZA.
There fell a generous soul! oh my Montano,
Why shou'd the bond of love, which shou'd be soft,
Be sign'd with blood?



SCENE VIII.

MONTANO, ALONZA, LUCASIA,
&c. AARON, PYROCLES,

PYROCLES.
Ah! hapless prince. (Seeing Florazene)

AARON.
We are surpriz'd, my lord.

The Christians getting knowledge of our flight,
Already 'close us round: nor is there room,
To fly from their revenge: the valiant Pyrocles,
Tho' under promise to assist your flight,
Perceives the means are lost.

MONTANO.
If we must die, let's die as men shou'd do

And

68 **FLORAZENE:**

And not like dogs by butchery, — prepare —

(Draws a dagger)

But yet my love, oh! how shall I resign thee?

ALONZA.

Oh! my *Montano*, must our loves again

Know separation? never, never, never!

I'll die with thee; and we will part no more:

No force shall tear thee from me; to this hand

(Takes him by the hand)

My hand I'll join; nor will I lose it's hold,

Whilst life remains, t'inform the active mass.

(Drums within)

AARON.

They come.

MONTANO.

Too late to triumph:

Alonza, my *Alonza*! loose thy hand,

And let mine now perform its last good office.

But yet my love!

(Looking tenderly at Alonza)

ALONZA

Yet stay, *Montano* — ah! suspend thy arm!

And listen to the soft request of love!

Of love, and your *Alonza*; live *Montano*.

MONTANO.

Ha! to be a slave! they come, they come;

Oh! love! oh! liberty! oh! my *Alonza*!

(Drums within)

SCENE

SCENE the last.

MONTANO, ALONZA, LUCASIA,
AARON, PYROCLES, &c. KING,
RYNALDO, Soldiers, Guards &c.

KING.

Seize on the traitors! let not one escape.

MONTANO.

But first, assuming man, secure my life;
For not till then my body shall be yours.

(Stabs himself)

ALONZA.

Oh! fatal rashness! oh! undone Alonza!

(Swoons in the womens arms)

KING.

Hast thou escaped me thus?

AARON.

He has done nobly!

And sets a brave example: I'll pursue it.

(Stabs himself)

KING.

Resolute dogs! how they defy my vengeance,

MONTANO.

Ha! didst thou poorly think that I wou'd bear

Thy servile chains again? Mistaken man!

I'm now beyond the malice of thy power,

N And

And smile at all thy vengeance : yet *Alonza* !
 Oh ! save my love with all a father's pity,
 And I'll confess thee wond'rous merciful,
 And own my fate to be the hand of justice.

ALONZA.
 Oh ! do not stoop beneath your former greatness :
 My life with thee will take its active flight,
 Beyond the reach of a stern father's justice.
 Your stroke was mine, for even now I feel
 The hand of death upon my sinking spirit,
 That longs with thee to wing its airy flight.

MONTANO.
 Art thou so kind, so tenderly affectionate ?
 Thou matchless virtue, wond'rous excellence !
 Ha ! here's another seems a fellow traveller !
 My faithful *Alonza* ! yet 'twas kindly done :
 Life made thee dearest partner of my heart ;
 And now death wings thy flight, to follow me.

AARON.
 To die with you, will make my fate amends ;
 Farewel, my lord, my ghost shall wait for you,
 To be the glad companion of your flight.
 My royal mistress — she shall be the star !
 That shall direct us to the blissful seats,
 Prepar'd for suffering virtue. —
 Now all my pain declines, and death's kind hand
 Softens the smart, and anguish is no more.

(Dies)

MONTANO.

Or, the FATAL CONQUEST.

MONTANO.
Farewel, thou faithful, honest-hearted wretch.
Alonza! my *Alonza!*
I have but life enough remains, to tell thee,
I shall expect thy shade upon the shore
That leads to our eternal home, I'll wait,
And chide thy tardy minutes of delay.

(Dies)

ALONZA.

Yet stay *Montano!* stay for your *Alonza!*

KING.

My daughter! my *Alonza!* oh! my child!
Yet, yet survive, and meet a father's mercy:
I will forget your faults, and think you were
Offenceless, as in earliest innocence.

ALONZA.

Dread fir, what you have done,
Admits of no prevention: in my heart
Death fits with icy coldness — oh! my father,
You stabb'd *Alonza's* heart, in her *Montano*.
Ah! see he comes! — he waves me to be gone! —
Thou much lov'd shade; go on; — Ill follow
thee.

(Dies)

LUCASIA.

Alas! she's dead! oh! my royal mistress!

KING.

My child! my daughter! what has my rage done!
Cold and inanimate! ah! *Florazene!*
Death awful triumphs here and keeps his court.

Rynaldo,

92 **FLORAZENE**

Rinaldo, seize that traitor **Pyrocles** :

He has consented to assist their flight,

The curs'd occasion of this scene of death.

Pyrocles.

What I have done, was thro' that hapless prince,

Whose friendship drew me, to assist his cause,

(Points to Florazene)

But I have done: my fate was ne'er more welcome.

King.

Yet stay, for here has been enough of blood.

My heart's so full, I must retire to vent

My anguish in joy-barren solitude!

From me be warn'd, they who unjustly hate,

Both injure heav'n, and provoke their fate;

Mercy adds lustre; while tyrannic sway,

Makes regal glory, and its pow'r decay;

Crowns were to man, on these conditions given

To own the fav'rite attribute of heaven,

4 - AP 54

F I N I S

